

DOCTOR • WHO

TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA

Script ALAN BARNES Script Editor GARY RUSSELL
Art JOHN ROSS Colours LEE SULLIVAN Letters PAUL VYSE

WELL,
THAT WAS
CLOSE...

THOSE
SPEARDROIDS
NEARLY HAD
THEMSELVES A
ROSE KEBABI!

WWRP!

WWRP!

YOU
RECKON?

WE'VE HAD
- HNH!
- CLOSER
SHAVES...

WHY, WAS THAT
TOO MUCH
EXCITEMENT
FOR YOU?

COURSE NOT!
IT'S JUST - I'VE
BEEN THINKING.
IF IT'S AN INFINITE
UNIVERSE,
RIGHT...

WHY IS IT THAT,
WHENEVER AND
WHEREVER WE
LAND, WE END UP
IN TROUBLE? IT'S
LIKE THE TARDIS
IS CURSED, OR
SOMETHING!

CURSED?
HA! THAT'S A
GOOD ONE!

WHY, ONLY LAST
THURSDAY WE LANDED IN
THE QUIET ZONE OF THE
PLANET SSSHHH...

...SHORTLY
BEFORE IT GOT
INVADED BY
THEM SPACE
BANSHEES?

THE DAY AFTER
- THAT WAS THE
MEDITATION
CENTRE ON
KARMA MAJOR...

...WHEN THEM
PSYCHOTRONS
POSSESSED THE
HEAD YOGI?

LOOK, I'LL PROVE
IT TO YOU. THIS
HERE'S MY OLD
RANDOMISER...

IT'S LIKE SATNAV BY
LUCKY DIP. I PLUG IT
INTO THE CONSOLE - AND
IT CHOOSES THE TIME
AND PLACE OF OUR NEXT
LANDING PURELY BY
CHANCE!

AND SO...

HMM. GALACTIC
CO-ORDINATES
13:13:13:13:13:13...

THE THIRTEENTH MOON
OF THE THIRTEENTH
PLANET OF THE
THIRTEENTH GALAXY, ON
THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF
THE THIRTEENTH YEAR
OF THE THIRTEENTH
CENTURY...

DON'T TELL
ME - A
FRIDAY!

THIS HAS
GOTTA BE
UNLUCKY,
RIGHT?

NAAH. IT'S ONLY AMAZING WE'VE NEVER ENDED UP HERE BEFORE...

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY - IF THIS WAS THE **FOURTEENTH** OF EVERYTHING, YOU WOULDN'T THINK **TWICE** ABOUT IT, WOULD YOU?

KA-KA-KROOM!

DOWN!

WHA...?

NOT IF **LIGHTNING** DIDN'T BLOW UP THE TARDIS, NO...

WOE, WOE AND **THRICE** WOE TO YOU, STRANGERS...

TRULY, YOU BELONG WITH **US**.

AND 'US' WOULD BE...?

WHY, THE **UNLUCKIEST** PEOPLE IN THE WHOLE OF CREATION. YOU, TOO, MUST BE **UNUSUALLY UNFORTUNATE** TO HAVE ENDED UP HERE...

I AM **FATHER TRAGEDY**, AND WE ARE THE **TRISKAIDEKAPHOBES**.

TRISHKA-WHAT?!

FROM 'TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA', I GUESS - **FEAR OF THE NUMBER 13**.

INTERESTING! THERE'S ONLY - WHAT, **ELEVEN** OF YOU?

ALAS, SISTERS **MISERY** AND **MISFORTUNE** PERISHED IN A **BIZARRE GARDENING ACCIDENT** EARLIER TODAY. WOE, WOE, ET CETERA...

IT'S YOUR BAD LUCK TO TAKE THEIR **PLACES**. SEE, **BROTHER ANGUISH** HAS BROUGHT YOUR **COWLS OF GLOOM!**



UH, BLACK'S NOT REALLY MY COLOUR...

CAN'T WE GET OUT OF THE RAIN? GETTING SOAKED HERE!

OUR CASTLE OF DESPAIR IS NOT TOO FAR, BENEATH THE OVERHANG OF LADDERS...

BUT VERILY, THE ROOF LEAKS SOMETHING CHRONIC...



SOON...

YOU NATIVE TO THIS MOON, FATHER?

WE POOR PILGRIMS HAVE BEEN TRAPPED HERE LONGER THAN WE CAN POSSIBLY REMEMBER...

ALONE, BUT FOR THE BLACK CATS WHO CROSS OUR PATH IN PACKS OF THIRTEEN.



MMRRAOW!

BROTHER MELANCHOLY! O WOE!

WHAT IS IT WITH THIS THIRTEEN THING?

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE UNLUCKY ACROSS THE KNOWN UNIVERSE. WITCHES' COVENS NUMBER THIRTEEN. SATAN WAS THE THIRTEENTH ANGEL; JUDAS, THIRTEENTH ROUND THE SUPPER TABLE. OFFICE BLOCKS SKIP THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR...

APOLLO 13 LAUNCHED AT 13:13 HOUSTON TIME, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT!



YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN ALL THAT SUPERSTITIOUS STUFF, THOUGH!

I DIDN'T... BUT A PLACE LIKE THIS MAKES YOU WONDER...

WANT SOME POTASSIUM?



ALL POTASSIUMED UP, THANKS...

HEY, FATHER TRAGEDY! WHAT'S WITH THE LAWN?

YEA, 'TIS THE MEADOW OF MOROSENESS - WHERE MISERY AND MISFORTUNE WERE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT, ON THE ONLY GREEN PATCH IN ALL THIS WORLD...

I SHOULD FIND A FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER?



YES! YES! LOOK!!

EH?



LUCKY.

EXACTLY! DON'T YOU SEE? THE PLANET *ISN'T* UNLUCKY AT ALL!

AND MY GUESS IS - NEITHER WERE MISERY AND MISFORTUNE...

WHAT IF... THEY GOT STRUCK DOWN *BECAUSE* THEY FOUND THIS FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER?

WHAT IF... WHENEVER *ANYTHING* LUCKY HAPPENS HERE, LIKE THE CLOVER, OR THE TARDIS LANDING, SOMETHING COMES TO *EXTRACT* THE GOOD LUCK OUT OF THE SITUATION?



YOU MEAN - THE LIGHTNING?

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED? THERE'S ONLY ONE RAIN CLOUD IN THE SKY - AND IT'S BEEN FOLLOWING US AROUND!



OH YEAH!

AND YOU KNOW WHAT *ELSE*, ROSE? OUR LUCK'S ABOUT TO CHANGE...

FWIP!

HEADS OR TAILS?



ER... HEADS?

HEADS IT IS!

FWIP!

...LET'S TRY FOR HEADS AGAIN!

HEADS! LUCKY! AGAIN!

FWIP!



NOW THAT'S REALLY LUCKY...

AND HERE COMES THAT *SOMETHING* FOR OUR LUCK!

FZAAAK!

WOE!



LIGHTNING MONSTER! WAAH!

KZZZZZTTT!

EEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!

HAS LUCK RUN OUT? TURN TO PAGE 30 NOW!

DOCTOR WHO TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA

continued from page 14

NOT A MONSTER!
A MATTER
TRANSPORTER...?

ZZAAAKKK!

YOU GOT IT!
AND I BET I
KNOW WHERE
WE'RE GOING...

...INTO A
SPACESHIP AT
THE HEART OF
THAT CLOUD!

AM I RIGHT, OR
AM I RIGHT -
MISTER, UH...?

KREESUS.
BOB KREESUS.
HOWYADOIN'? COR,
BUT YOU'RE A
LUCKY ONE!

NOT REALLY. THIS
IS A QUANTUM-
POWERED COIN
- IT CHANGES ITS 'UP'
SURFACE ACCORDING
TO THE LEAST LIKELY
OUTCOME...

BIT OF A CHEAT, BUT
IT GOT US HERE. LET
ME GUESS - YOU'RE
HARVESTING LUCK,
IS THAT RIGHT?

DOWN BELOW, WE
GOT THIRTEEN OF THE
UNLUCKIEST CLONES
EVER, KEPT IN AN
OPTIMALLY UNFORTUNATE
ENVIRONMENT...

AN' SIMPLY BY
CONVERTING THEIR BAD
VIBES INTO POSITIVE
PSYCHICAL ENERGY,
THIS HERE COMPUTER
GETS LUCKY!

LUCKY ON THE ROBOT
HORSES. LUCKY ON THE
GALACTIC LOTTERY. LUCKY
ENOUGH TO KEEP LUCKY
BOB KREESUS IN LUXURY
FOREVER AND A DAY!

RIIIGHT. SO IF
ANYTHING NICE
HAPPENS TO ANY OF THE
TRISKAIDEKAPHOBES...

THEY'RE NO GOOD
TO ME, I ZAPS 'EM
UP 'ERE! 'AVE YOU
MET MISERY AND
MISFORTUNE?

WHAT ROT. THERE'S NO SCIENCE IN
THIS, NO SUCH THING AS "NEGATIVE
PSYCHICAL ENERGY". IT'S ALL
GAMBLER'S SUPERSTITION!

YOUR LUCKY BREAK,
KREESUS, WAS TO FIND
YOURSELF AN ALIEN
COMPUTER WITH A
QUANTUM-POWERED
PROCESSOR. THAT'S
WHY YOU KEEP ON
WINNING THINGS...

BINGO LINGO,
CLICKETY-CLICK!
GIVE THE MAN A
COCONUT!

HIYA!

